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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

The Old Wooden Church on the

Green.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

They are all laying hands on the things I loved best.

They are all closing up my dim past.

They are all heaping up upon Memory's breast,

Till little is left me at last:

But I sometimes look back to the things of old time,

And I think of the things that have been,

And my memory comes, like a nursery rhyme,

Of the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

It is little and old in this plentiful age,

It has neither a steeple nor bell.

It is having its roof to the pitiless rage

Of the storm that has battered so well;

It is quivering of glass, and the paint's washed away

In the storm and the sunshine I ween,

For no kind hand attends, for this many a day,

To the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

Beneath the narrow roof the small swallow-nest hung

And the little birds were in the eaves,

And the lowest shingles swung with a sorrowful clang

When the wind through the old church-yard grieved

Neglect and decay are around it the walls,

Dark rain looks over the scene,

Oh, and is the sound of the low foot that falls,

Round the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

Yet I rather to-day they should crumble away,

Earth's proudest and loftiest pile,

Built up as a mock for neglect and decay.

To stand while the broad leaves are smiling—

Then turn off the wheel of its moss-encrusted roof,

Or call it the shabby and mean,

For we all, when grown old and neglected enough,

Like the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

And I heard the sweet voices that chanted within,

Oh! Many a summer ago,

Still chanting the hymn when the eve closes in,

Though they echo from heaven I know;

And I sat in the pew where they sat by my side,

And as back in the shadows I lean,

I heard the low prayer that echoed and died

In the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

I will weep when it falls, I will smile while it stands,

As winter on winter goes by,

Protected by naught but invisible hands,

Till I sleep in its shade when I die;

Let them bury me there in a mound poor and low,

When the blast of the winter is keen,

That the winds that wait over me pass as they go

In the Old Wooden Church on the Green.

THEIR STORY TELLERS.

PERFECTION.

Henry Uld was twenty-five; his bankers and his

friends authorized him to believe himself

rich. Miss Louisa Roberts and Miss Mary

Lewis, and a dozen other ladies of his acquaintance,

pronounced him handsome, a truth which

his looking-glass unequivocally confirmed;

he was uncommonly well educated, and his temper,

character, and manners, unexceptionable.

fully humble, for I should seem to myself very

imperfect in presence of such a woman. Would

she, could she look up to me, and love me, as

man wishes to be loved, reverentially, devotedly

ly?

Tell me, Ives, where and when I can find

her, and I will risk everything else; you know

"He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts are small,

Who fears to put it to the touch,

And win or lose it all."

You banter me about Miss Drake. You need

not—I am cured. That pretty face smiles for

me no more. Last evening the last spark of

'twas never love—or preference, went out. We

were at a party of which my charmer was cer-

tainly the brightest star; I had never seen her

look so well; had never, I thought, discovered

so much mind in her face or manner; and I was

beginning to muse on the possibility of Lucy

Drake becoming, at some future time, Lucy

Uld.

Are you laughing at me, John?

Another circumstance had prejudiced her

in my favor. I had been talking during the

evening with her sister, Mrs. B.—We spoke

of Lucy. I remarked that I thought her look-

ing unusually pretty.

"Lucy always looks well," I think," was the

reply. "It seems to me that no face could be

prettier than hers, both in motion and response.

Perhaps a sister ought not to say so, Mr. Uld;

but in my opinion her looks are perfect."

"Highly accomplished, too, for one so young

only eighteen next month, I think."

"Oh!" said Mrs. B. with great animation,

clasping her hands together in the energy with

which she spoke, "how I shall rejoice when my

sister is of age; no words can tell how I have

longed for that time." She stopped, blushed,

nor could I extract another word from her.

Fancying I knew what this meant, with a light

heart, I bent my steps towards a sofa, on which

Miss Drake, and a tall, spiteful friend of hers

were sitting. "I'll induce Lucy to give you up,

Miss Swallows," was my mental ejaculation as

I drew near. Lucy did not perceive my ap-

proach, and I leaned against a pillar waiting till

she should look up. As I stood, I was partly

concealed by an organ from which Professor

W— was drawing forth such sounds, such a

deluge of harmony, as must have engrossed my

whole attention had I not heard my own name

in a voice I was just then disposed to think

sweeter than that "music of the spheres."

"No! he has not yet proposed, but I am con-

fident he will shortly; and he is very attentive

to me, and I saw him talking to Mary a little

while ago; I think they were talking of me, for

I caught them looking this way. I don't observe

them any where just now; there is such a crowd

and the Professor is so noisy. Do you know

whose was the piece he played last?"

"No I was not listening. Do you suppose

Mr. —, I won't mention names, has any idea

that you are, as we say, setting your cap for

him? Excuse me, my dear, he is rich enough

to be worth catching, and you are not the only

one who acts on the principle, though I must

own ours are the most delicate traps in the

world."

"I wonder men can't ever see traps. I dare

say a certain gentleman thinks that his declara-

tion, when he makes it will overwhelm me with

sweet surprise, as if I had played and sung and

danced so much without knowing what I was

about. To say the least, my penetration equals

his—the fastidious fool."

They both laughed. I must confess that I

had too much at stake to leave my position, and

I soon heard Miss Swallows offer to accompany

her companion in a walk the next day; and

Lucy said,

"Let us go to Faxon's, I wish to look at some

silks he has. I am buying everything I see that

is pretty. I am of age you know next month,

and then the property will be divided between

Mary and myself; meanwhile I take as large a

share as possible."

"Is everything you possess to be divided

equally?"

"You mean Henry Uld, I suppose," said Lucy

laughing; "just think of an inventory enumer-

ating all of his virtues. No I shall claim him

as personal property; not that I care about him

either, but I like to show Mary what I can do;

she says he will not offer, and to triumph over

her, I mean to make him. I tell you, Jane

Swallows, I am sick and tired of her notions of

mental dignity and all that, and there is nothing

I would not do to prevent those baby-philoso-

phers of hers from having what their whole

hearts are wrapped up in, books and learning.

I have done a great deal at it. You know my

wants were always to be supplied first, after

which Mary was to have the rest of my income,

and you may be assured I have made my wants

pretty extensive."

And this sister of whom the cold-hearted, sel-

fish girl spoke, was the widowed mother of three

sons, living with difficulty on a small income.—

I now saw the full meaning of the words which

had fallen from Mrs. B.—My imagination

had misled me. I had fancied a guardian, stern

and majestic, by whose authority the gener-

ous Lucy was prevented from rendering her sister

the assistance which her heart prompted her

to give. I had approached the sofa with a glow

of pleasure, saying to myself, "If I should mar-

ry Lucy, how it would gratify her to relinquish

her own property in favor of her sister's chil-

dren: my fortune is sufficient for the reason-

able wants of both, and she shall have that pleas-

ure." I turned from my half-involuntary listen-

ing, with disgust, and yet with a sense of escape

from danger.

That evening, when wrapping Miss Lucy's

cloak around her, I told her that I regretted be-

ing unable to attend her home, assuring her that

I could not see well enough by moonlight to

avoid traps, if such there should be; adding, that

in the division of beaus, I had fallen to the share

of her sister; I wished her good bargains at

Faxon's and was turning away with a bow,

when she, becoming very pale, though with eyes

flashing fire, screamed, rather than said, "tell

me, how much you did hear?"

"All! and I am sorry for you, sorry for my-

self," added I.

I am certainly, my dear Ives, more to be con-

gratulated than pitied; yet I feel willing to leave

the city a little while—perhaps I shall make my

uncle a visit. Your by no means broken-heart-

ed friend,

HENRY ULD.

Late one afternoon, Henry was sitting in a

musical mood, with his eyes fixed on the fire, or

on nothing, he was suddenly startled by a touch

on the shoulder, and a heavy laugh from his

uncle, who averred that he had been standing

some minutes by his side. Henry sprang up,

and shook the old gentleman's hand, while he

gazed in his face with unforgotten surprise.

"Captain Uld in Boston! why, I thought

you safe by your own fireside at Stockburne."

"Give me a cigar, Harry—poke your fire

while I ring the bell and order supper. Are

you glad to see me boy?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly, but surprised; I

can't imagine what has brought you to town;

nothing unpleasant has occurred, I hope."

"Ralph," said the old man, turning to his

nephew's servant, whom the bell had sum-

moned, "do you get every thing good to eat into

this room in twenty minutes; and Henry, not a

word of business till supper is over; oysters,

Ralph, and wife enough; this sofa a trifle near

the warm corner of the fire, Henry."

"Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I

came in town on some business for my poor

niece, and being here, it was most natural to

come and take supper with you. Now tell me

how are you getting on in health, wealth, and

learning?"

"Well as usual, sir."

"Never sick, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Live within your income?"

"Yes, sir."

"Plenty of books, I see; good boy, good boy.

Are you married?"

"No, sir," said the young man, laughing, "I

am no nearer being married than when I saw

you last summer."

"Why, what ails you, Harry? won't any body

have you? or won't you have any body?"

"I suppose there may be somebody who would

be good enough to take me if I asked her—as

for myself I would be glad enough to marry

anybody."

"That's a lie," said the uncle, dryly, then, af-

ter a pause—"when I saw you last, you were

dangling after Miss Mantion of Mantion Place."

"Not dangling, sir," said the nephew, rather

haughtily.

"Well, well, not dangling, but courting, mak-

ing love to, or whatever fine name you give it.

Is it all that?"

"It was never on, sir," said Henry, laughing,

his good humor returning. "Miss Mantion would

not suit me at all, and it is by no means certain

that she would marry me if I were to ask her."

"There you lie again," politely rejoined the

captain. "You are morally sure she would

wait for you to-night. Go ask her and see; I'll

wait here for you."

"Excuse me, uncle, I shall never ask her."

"Is she not handsome?"

"Very."

"Rich?"

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